

143

Tho. Walford

SONGS, DUETS,
TRIOS, &c.

1776

IN THE
DUENNA;

OR, THE

DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

THE TWELFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

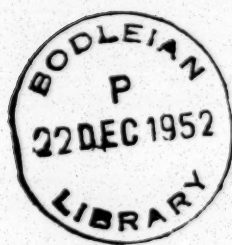
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M,DCC,LXXVI.

[Price Six-pence.]

Set A5 c. 1896

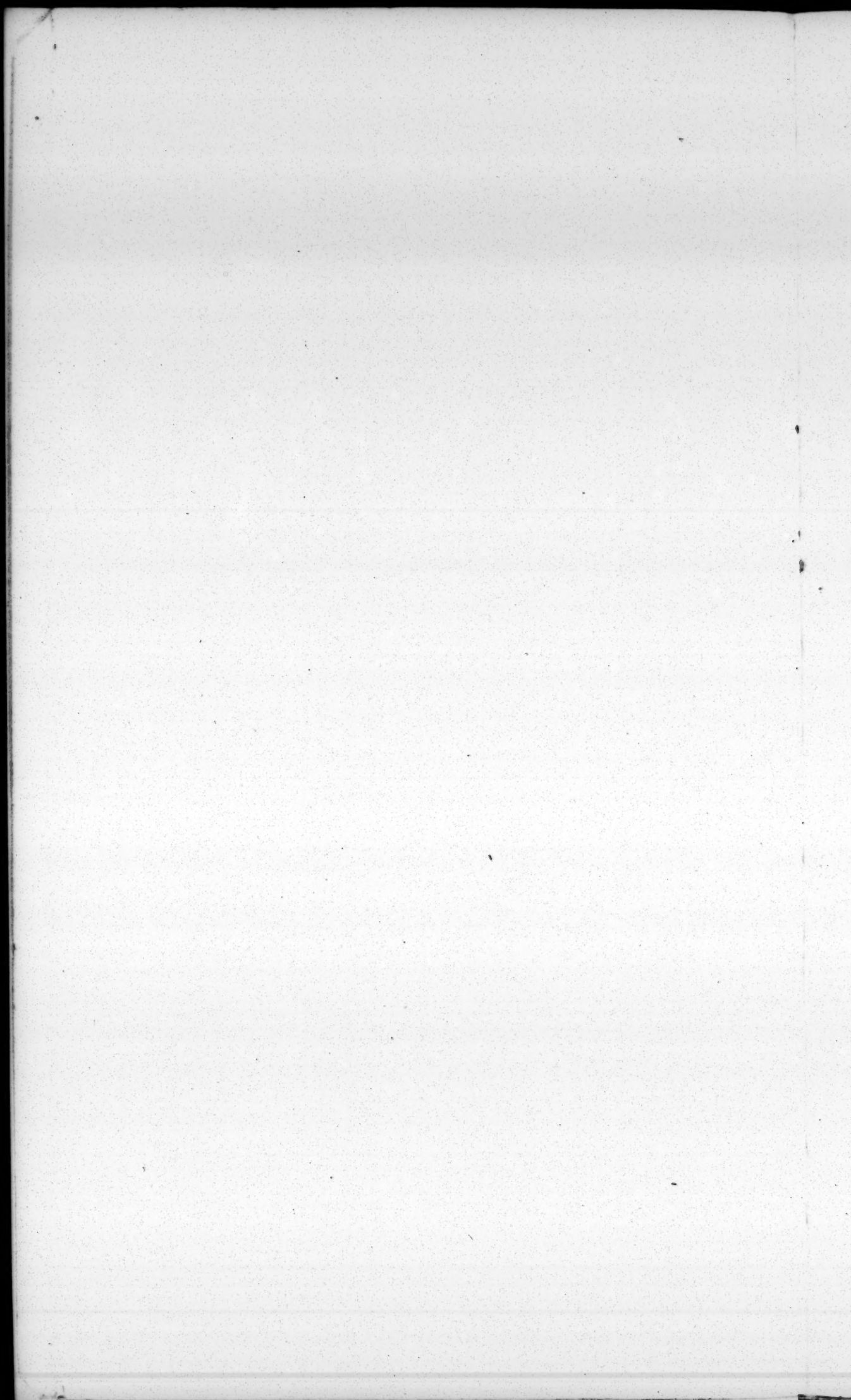
Bf. Terry



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don JEROME,	Mr. WILSON.
Don FERDINAND, his Son,	Mr. MATTOCKS.
Don ANTHONIO,	Mr. DU-BELLAMY.
ISAAC MENDOZA,	Mr. QUICK.
Don CARLOS,	Mr. LEONI.
LOPEZ, Ferdinand's Servant,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Father PAUL,	Mr. MAHON.
AUGUSTIN,	Mr. BAKER.
FRANCIS,	Mr. FOX.
PORTER,	Mr. BESFORD.
LOUISA, Don Jerome's Daughter,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
DUENNA,	Mrs. GREEN.
CLARA,	Miss BROWN.

Friars, Servants, Masks, &c.

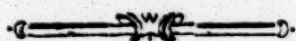


A C T I.

S E R E N A D E. A N T H O N I O.

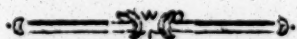
TELL me, my lute, can thy fond strain
 So gently speak thy master's pain,
 So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
 That—tho' my sleeping love shall know
 Who sings——Who sighs below——
 Her rosy slumbers shall not fly?

Thus may some vision whisper more
 Than ever I dare speak before!



Anth. The breath of morn bids hence the night;
 Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair;
 For 'till the dawn of love is there,
 I feel no day—I own no light!

Louisa. Waking---I heard thy numbers chide,
 Waking---the dawn did bless my sight;
 —'Tis Phœbus sure that woos, I cried,
 Who speaks in song, who moves in light!



T R I O.

Don Jer. What vagabonds are these I hear
 Fiddling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,
 Piping, scraping, whining, canting!
 Fly, scurvy minstrels, fly!

Louisa. Nay, prithee, father, why so rough?

B

Anth.

Anth. An humble lover I !

Don Jer. How durst you, daughter, lend an ear
To such deceitful stuff ?

Quick from the window fly !

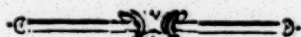
Louisa. Adieu, Anthonio! *Anth.* Must you go ?

A. and L. We soon, perhaps, may meet again,
For tho' hard Fortune is our foe,
The god of love will fight for us—

Don Jer. Reach me the blunderbuss !

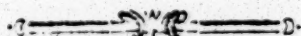
A. and L. The god of love who knows our pain !

Don Jer. Hence, or these flugs are thro' your brain !



S O N G. F E R D I N A N D.

Could I her faults remember,
Forgetting ev'ry charm,
Soon would impartial Reason
The tyrant Love disarm :
But when inrag'd I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love still suggests her beauty,
And sees——while Reason's blind.



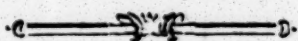
S O N G. A N T H O N I O.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me :
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art ?——

I will

I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?—
I must press it, to be sure:
Nor can I e'en be certain then;
'Till it grateful press again.
Must I with attentive eye
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?—
I will do so——when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.



R O N D E A U. A N T H O N I O.

Friendship is the bond of reason,
But if beauty disapprove,
Heav'n absolves all other treason
In the heart that's true to love.

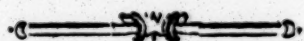
The faith which to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I view:
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

Then if to one I false must be;
Can I doubt which to prefer---
A breach of social faith with thee,
Or sacrilege to love and her?

SONG. FERDINAND.

Tho' cause for suspicion appears,
 Yet proofs of her love too are strong:—
 I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
 And unworthy of bliss if I'm wrong.
 What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow,
 Ah, none but the jealous---the jealous can know!

When blest with the smiles of my fair,
 I know not how much I adore;
 Those smiles let another but share,
 And I wonder I priz'd them no more!
 Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
 When the falser she seems, still the fonder I grow!



SONG. LOUISA.

Thou canst not boast of fortune's store,
 My love, while me they wealthy call:
 But I was glad to find thee poor—
 For with my heart I'd give thee all.
 And then the grateful youth shall own
 I lov'd him for himself alone.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,
 No word or look of mine shall show
 That I the smallest thought retain
 Of what my bounty did bestow:
 Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
 I lov'd him for himself alone.

SONG.

SONG. Don JEROME.

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
 No peace shall you know---tho' you've buried your
 wife!

At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her---
 O! *what* a plague is an obstinate daughter!

Sighing and whining!

Dying and pining!

O! *what* a plague is an obstinate daughter!

When scarce in their teens, they have wit to perplex
 us,

With letters and lovers for ever they vex us;

While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought
 her;

O! *what* a plague is an obstinate daughter!

Wrangling and jangling!

Flouting and pouting!

O! *what* a plague is an obstinate daughter!

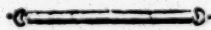
SONG.

S O N G. C L A R A.

When fable night each drooping plant restoring,
 Wept o'er the flow'rs her breath did chear,
 As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,
 Wakes its beauty with a tear.

When all did sleep, whose weary hearts could borrow
 One hour from love and care to rest---
 Lo! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow,
 My lover caught me to his breast!

He vow'd he came to save me
 From those who would enslave me ;
 Then kneeling,
 Kisses stealing,
 Endless faith he swore !
 But soon I chid him thence,
 For had his fond pretence
 Obtain'd one favour then---
 And he had press'd again [more!
 —I fear'd my treach'rous heart might grant him



S O N G. C A R L O S.

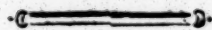
Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
 I ne'er could injure you :
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true.

To

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong :
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a Brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong :
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And Brothers in the young.



D I A L O G U E.

Isaac. My mistress expects me, and I must go to her,
 Or how can I hope for a smile ?

Louis. Soon may you return a prosperous wooer,
 But think what I suffer the while !

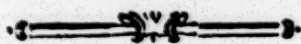
Alone and away from the man whom I love,
 In strangers I'm forc'd to confide.

Isaac. Dear lady, my friend you may trust and he'll
 prove
 Your servant, protector, and guide.

A I R.

A I R. C A R L O S.

Gentle maid, ah ! why suspect me ?
 Let me serve thee---then reject me.
 Can'st thou trust and I deceive thee ?
 Art thou sad---and shall I grieve thee ?
 Gentle maid, ah ! why suspect me !
 Let me serve thee---then reject me.



T R I O,

Louis. Never may'st thou happy be
 If in ought thou'rt false to me !
Don Carl. Never may I, &c.
Isaac. Never may he, &c.

A C T

A C T II.

S O N G. I S A A C.

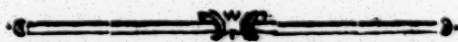
GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good-humour to make her his
toast ;

If streight I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four---We'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complection---I vow I don't care ;
If brown---it is lasting---more pleasing if fair :
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples should see,
Let her smile---and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes---may be e'en any colour---but green ;
For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice---only let her have two.

'Tis true, I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own--- are genteeler than black :
A little round chin too's a beauty I have heard,
But I only desire---she mayn't have a beard.



S O N G. D O N J E R O M E.

When the maid whom we love
No entreaties can move,
Who'd lead a life of pining ?
If her charms will excuse
The fond rashness you use,
—Away with idle whining !

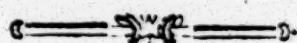
C

Ne'er

Never stand like a fool,
 With looks sheepish and cool;
 —Such bashful love is teizing:
 But with spirit address,
 And you're sure of success,
 For honest warmth is pleasing.

Nay tho' wedlock's your view,
 Like a rake if you'll woo,
 Girls sooner quit their coldness:
 They know beauty inspires
 Less respect than desires, —
 Hence love is prov'd by boldness. —

So ne'er stand like a fool, &c.



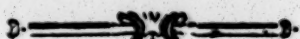
S O N G. D U E N N A.

When a tender maid
 Is first essay'd
 By some admiring swain,
 How her blushes rise
 If she meet his eyes
 While he unfolds his pain!
 If he takes her hand—she trembles quite!
 Touch her lips——and she swoons outright!
 While a pit-a-pat, &c.
 Her heart avows her fright!

But in time appear
 Fewer signs of fear;
 The youth she boldly views:

If

If her hand he grasp,
Or her bosom clasp,
No mantling blush ensues!
Then to church well pleas'd the lovers move,
While her smiles her contentment prove;
And a pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her love!



S O N G. C A R L O S.

Ah! sure a pair was never seen
So justly form'd to meet by nature!
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in every grace of feature!
O how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers!
For surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely creature?

So mild your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the task of duty——
The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty!
O how happy to inherit
At once such graces and such spirit;
Thus while you live
May Fortune give—
Each blessing—equal to your merit!

C a D U E T.

D U E T.

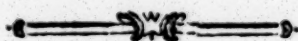
Isaac. Believe me, good fir, I ne'er meant to offend,
 My Miftrefs I love, and I value my friend;
 To win her and wed her is ftill my request---
 For better for worfe—and I fwear I don't jest!

Don. Jer. Zounds! you'd beft not provoke me,
 my rage is fo high.

Isaac. Hold him faft I befeech you his rage is fo
 high!

Good, fir, you're too hot, and this place I muft fly.

Don. Jer. You're a knave and a sot, and this place
 had beft fly.



T R I O. DON JEROME, FERDINAND, ISAAC,

A bumper of good liquor
 Will end a conteft quicker,
 Then juftice, judge, or vicar:
 So fill a chearful glafs
 And let good humour pafs.

But if more deep the quarrel,
 Why fooner drain the barrel,
 Than be the hateful fellow,
 That's crabbed when he's mellow.

A bumper, &c.

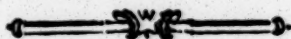
S O N G,

S O N G. L O U I S A.

What bard, O, Time, discover,
 With wings first made thee move?
 Ah! sure he was some lover
 Who ne'er had left his love!

For who that once did prove
 The pangs which absence brings,
 Tho' but one day
 He were away,
 Could picture thee with wings?

What bard, &c.



S O N G. C A R L O S.

O had my love ne'er smil'd on me,
 I ne'er had known such anguish;
 But think how false, how cruel she
 To bid me cease to languish,
 To bid me hope her hand to gain,
 Breathe on a flame half perish'd,
 And then with cold and fix'd disdain
 To kill the hope she cherish'd!

Not worse his fate—who on a wreck
 That drove as winds did blow it——
 Silent had left the shattered deck
 To find a grave below it:
 Then land was cried——no more resign'd,
 He glow'd with joy to hear it,
 ——Not worse his fate—his woe—to find
 The wreck must sink e'er near it!

T R I O.

T R I O. ANTONIO, CARLOS, LOUISA.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast,
 Where love has been receiv'd a welcome guest ;
 As wand'ring saints poor huts have sacred made,
 He hallows every heart he once has sway'd ;
 And (when his presence we no longer share)
 Still leaves *compassion* as a relic there.

A C T III.

S O N G. DON JEROME.

O The days when I was young !
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spight,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown,
 O the days, &c.

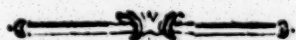
Truth they say lies in a Well,
 Why I vow I ne'er could see---
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 ---There it always lay for me :

For

For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falsehood's mask ;
 But still honest truth I found
 ---In the bottom of each flask !
 O the days, &c.

True at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 ---And the few I have are grey !

Yet old Jerome thou mayst boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.
 O the days, &c.



S O N G. F E R D I N A N D.

Ah ! cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd
 The temper of my mind !
 My heart by thee from mirth estrang'd,
 Becomes like thee unkind !

By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,
 I once ambitious was ;
 And friends I had that fann'd the flame
 And gave my youth applause---

But now my weakness all abuse,
 Yet vain their taunts on me ;
 Friends, fortune, fame itself I'd lose
 ---To gain one smile from thee !

Yet

Yet only thou shouldst not despise
 My folly or my woe ;
 If I am mad in others eyes——
 'Tis thou hast made me so !

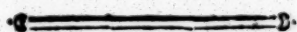
But days like these with doubting curst
 I will not long endure :
 Am I despised ?---I know the worst,
 And also know my cure.

If false her vows, she dare renounce,
 She instant ends my pain :
 For Oh ! that heart must break at once
 ---Which cannot hate again !



S O N G. F E R D I N A N D.

Sharp is the woe that wounds the jealous mind,
 When treach'ry two fond hearts would rend !
 But Oh ! how keener far the pang, to find
 That traitor in our bosom friend !



S O N G. C L A R A.

By him we love offended
 How soon our anger flies !
 One day apart 'tis ended,
 Behold him, and it dies !

Laft

Last night your roving brother
 Enrag'd I bade depart,
 And sure his rude presumption,
 Deserv'd to lose my heart:---
 Yet were he now before me,
 In spite of injur'd pride,
 I fear my eyes would pardon---
 ---Before my tongue could chide.
 By him we love, &c.

With truth the bold deceiver,
 To me thus oft has said---
 ' In vain would Clara slight me,
 ' In vain she *would* upbraid !
 ' No scorn those lips discover---
 ' Where dimples laugh the while :
 ' No frowns appear resentful,
 ' Where heav'n has stamp'd a smile !
 By him we love, &c.



S O N G. A N T H O N I O.

How oft Louisa, hast thou said
 (Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
 Thou wouldst not lose Anthonio's love
 To reign the partner of a throne !

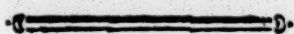
And by those lips that spoke so kind !
 And by this hand I press'd to mine !
 ---To gain a subject nation's love,
 I swear I would not part with thine.

D

Then

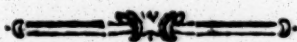
Then how my soul can we be poor
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy !
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
 And, serving thee---a monarch I.

Thus uncontroul'd in mutual bliss
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine---
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine !



S O N G. C L A R A.

Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies
 The sullen echo of repentant sighs !
 Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,
 Inur'd to hymns and sorrow, fare ye well !
 For happier scenes, I fly this darksome grove,
 —To saints a prison, but a tomb to love !



G L E E A N D C H O R U S.

This bottle's the fun of our table,
 His beams are rosy wine ;
 We—planets that are not able
 Without his help to shine.

Let mirth and glee abound !
 You'll soon grow bright
 With borrow'd light,
 And shine as he goes round !

D U E T.

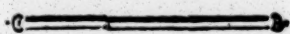
D U E T.

Louisa. Turn thee round I pray thee,
Calm awhile thy rage.

Clara. I must help to stay thee
And thy wrath assuage.

Louisa. Couldst thou not discover
One so near to thee?

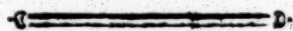
Clara. Canst thou be a lover,
And thus fly from me?



GLEE AND CHORUS.

Oft does Hymen smile to hear,
Wordy vows of feign'd regard;
Well he knows when they're sincere,
Never slow to give reward:

For his glory is to prove
Kind to those who wed for love.



FINALE AND CHORUS.

Come now for jest and smiling,
Both old and young beguiling,
Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
'Till we banish care away;
Thus crown'd with dance and song
The hours shall glide along.
With a heart at ease—merry, merry glees
Can never fail to please.

Each

Each bride with blushes glowing,
Our wine as rosy flowing;

Let us laugh and play, &c.
Then healths to every friend,
The night's repast shall end.
With a heart at ease, &c.

Nor while we are so joyous,
Shall anxious fear annoy us.

Let us laugh and play, &c.
For gen'rous guests like these
Accept the wish to please.

So we'll laugh and play, all blithe and gay—
Your smiles drive care away.



F I N I S.

